Ned Quits Boot-Blacking.

'Shine your boots! Five cents a shine. Shine yer boots?'

Ned had tried his best to get work, but no one wanted his boots cleaned. He wondered why it was. When mother was alive, how often Ned begged her to let him set up as a boot-black! 'They make lots of money, mother,' he would say. But she always shook her head and said. 'Keep on at school as long as you can; you're too young yet. As long as I'm spared I don't want you to try it.'

But the poor, hard working woman had overtaxed her strength, taken a fever, and died. Then Ned, left alone in the world, with nothing but a couple of neat but much-mended suits of clothes and five dollars, resolved to set up as a boot-black. For a whole week he had tried it. Some days he got two or three customers, but now for two days not one person had let him shine his boots. His five dollars were almost gone; what should he do? Ned was almost desperate, and in his desire for a job asked a lady who was passing if he could shine her boots. Perhaps she had little boys of her own, and made it a rule never to pass a poor boy without a kind word, for their sakes. At any rate she stopped and, 'Not here, my boy, but if you will walk a ways with me, I'll let you clean them, for they are very muddy. Perhaps, though, you will lose some work by leaving your place?"

"No, indeed; I've not had a chance today."

"That's bad," said his new friend, "if you need the money much, as I suppose you do. But you look so neat and nice, I think you have a good mother."

"There! There! Don't fret, dear! Here's the house. Wait at the area and the cook will let you in." Soon a pleasant-faced woman opened the lower door and told Ned to sit down by the kitchen fire. The kitchen was full of the odor of soup, and you know how that will make you hungry even long before dinner time. Ned, who had had no soup since his mother had last cooked their dinner, snuffed the air and remembered sadly how very good his mother's soup used to taste.

'Mary,' called a voice that already sounded familiar, 'give that boy a bowl of soup. I can't come down at once, but here are the shoes; he can clean them after he has eaten. Put plenty of bread in his soup, Mary.'

'Shure, I was just longing to do it,' muttered the girl, hastening to fill a bowl for Ned. 'Here!' she said, 'draw up to the table and eat.'

Ned was too hungry to remember his mother's instructions as to washing his hands, but he did not forget to bow he head, saying the grace he had said at every meal since he first began to speak:

'I thank Thee, dear Lord, for this nice food; and help us to be Thy good children, for Christ's sake.'

Mary stood still in astonishment. 'That's the first grace in the kitchen,' she said to herself, 'but I'm bound it shan't be the last. I've been a forgetful creature.'

The soup finished, Ned polished the shoes; such nice buttoned boots he had never handled before. Just as he was giving a last touch to them he heard some one come in, and saw the lady who had brought him, standing talking to Mary.

'Thank you; they are very nicely done. But if you get only one customer a day, you'll not get on well. Who takes care of you, my boy?' Try to tell me about yourself. What is your name?'

'My name's Ned Titus, ma'am. Nobody takes care of me—nobody but God. Mother said He'd never forget me. Mother—mother died—last—'

But he could not tell of that. The lady's hand was on his shoulder, and she was drying his tears with her own handkerchief. 'I've tried boot-blacking, but I don't think I can get enough to do. Oh, ma'am—' and the boy again broke down. He was so neat and clean that Mrs. Denny drew him close to her, soothing him as every mother knows how to soothe and comfort. But her heart was troubled for him. Truth to tell, she had no money to spare, and could do but little. She had only lately moved to the city, and had few friends there. What could she do to help him?

Suddenly, Mary, who had been looking on, full of sympathy, and remembering their country life and the plenty there, said, 'Send him to the country.'

Mrs. Denny's face became brighter: "Why, that's a good idea, Mary! I do believe Mr. Ackerman would be glad of just such a boy. Would you drive cows and learn to milk and help about the house, Ned?

'Indeed, I would, ma'am, and take my brushes and black their boots for them.'

"Once a week is all they black 'em,' said Mary, with a laugh. So it was arranged Ned should come back in the morning Mrs. Denny would give him a note to the farmer. She offered to pay his way, but Ned said he had two dollars left and could buy his own ticket. Mrs. Denny was pleased with his honesty, and felt sure that such a boy would succeed.

The next day Ned was off for the country. All his treasures were easily packed in his mother's old bag; and Mrs. Denny advised him to leave that at the depot when he reached Farrington and walk out to the farm without it, as, if the farmer kept him, he could easily get it. Ned found the farm, and hearing voices at the back door, walked round that way and asked for Mr. Ackerman.

'He's in the barn,' said a pleasant-looking girl. 'What do you want?'

'I've a note for him.'

'Well, go right over. Ned delivered his note. The farmer read it, and then, without saying a word, went on with his work. Ned felt rather discouraged, but seeing a pair of boots in one corner, set to work and polished them. This took some time, for they had never been polished before, I fancy. Then Ned put up his brushes and slung his box on his back; he had better go back or try somewhere else. The farmer was just going up to the loft, but as Ned slung his box, he said, "Come here, my boy. You can work; I see that. Are you willing to work for a home?'

'Yes, indeed, sir.'

'Got any clothes?'

'Two suits, sir.'

'Any money?'

'One dollar and fifty cents.'

'How much time do you expect to have to fool around?'

'Can't tell 'till I try to do the work.'

The farmer was pleased with the bright truthful face, and said 'You'll do. Go in the house and tell 'em to set you to work—chop wood, draw water, do anything till milking time.'

So that was how Ned's boot-blacking ended. He lives on the farm still, but he is taller than I am. Mrs. Denny comes out to see her old friend sometimes, and is always as glad to see him as any of the rest, and next to God, Ned loves the lady who let him shine her boots.

HUNTER TO HANG.

Imparting the News of His Fate to the Camden Murderer.

It was a few minutes after 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon when Sheriff Calhoun, of Camden, puffed up the stairs to Hunter's room and gave a signal that called Watchman Swindelle into the hall. The Sheriff had a telegram from Trenton, signid by Prosecutor Jenkins. It was very brief; but it bore the first news to Camden that Hunter's fate was sealed beyond all hope. "Billy," the Sheriff said to his deputy, "it's all up with Hunter. The Court has refused a new trial. Search the cage and him, so he won't notice. Don't tell him." And down stairs went the Sheriff. Watchman Swindelle went back into the room, and Hunter, stroking his glossy black beard, arose and asked: "Is there any news?" Swindelle shook his head, but turned his back; and Hunter, settling back into his chair, said quietly: "Well, we will hear presently."

All the morning Hunter had paced up and down the limits of his cage, taking off and putting on his hat, occasionally whistling a bit very softly, then breaking off in the middle of a strain and adjusting his necktie, moving his meagre features and displaying in every action his anxiety and nervousness. After Watchman Swindelle had received the news he was hardly less nervous than the man in the cage, but in the course of the afternoon, and before 3 o'clock, he had preformed his task.

While the search was going on Hunter became much excited, but he repressed his feelings, and sat in his chair, holding fast to its arms and crossing and recrossing his leg.

The evening newspapers got into the streets, and the shrill tones of the newsboys came up to the third story of Camden's Court-house out of one of the windows of which from his confinement in the center of the room the anxious man peered and listened. A man ran down to Federal street to stop a boy that was hastening up toward the Court-house, crying, "Here's Evenin' Post; Hunter to hang." The boy got too near the Court-house before the charitable man who tried to stop his loud cry accomplished his object, and Hunter had heard the fatal words. He sat back in his chair and said nothing, and just then there was a knock at the door, and his wife and three daughters entered. The meeting was seen by no one except Swindelle. They remained until 5 o'clock.

After that the prisoner supped heartily, but he said nothing. Had there been any other decision than an adverse one his lawyer would have communicated with him. He had waited, listening for every step, during the morning. The entry of his watchman and the search for any instrument by which he might take his own life, gave confirmation to his fears. All hope vanished when he heard the newsboy calling his wares, and he spoke not a word on the subject thereafter.

A few days ago the Sheriff and a deputy searched the cage and the prisoner thoroughly, removed the bedding and replaced it with other bedding, had the prisoner changed his clothes and shoes, and took every precaution after that time to keep him from anything by which he might take his life. Hunter laughed when they did it, and asked why. "Well," the Sheriff replied, "if that case should happen to go against you up at Trenton, why, we don't want you to kill yourself." Hunter laughed again, and said: "I won't kill myself, and I don't think they will decide against me, do you?' But Hunter has been by no means so hopeful as his words imply. To an old friend with whom he talked a week ago he said: "I am breaking; the strain on me is too much. I cannot stand it long. I guess I won't be called upon to stand it long."

Judge Jimmy Ware, who stayed outside the bars in Hunter's quarters for so long, says that after the trial he noticed that "Ben was a losin' of his grip. He couldn't write nor nothing like he done at fust. He's a man who has lots of nerve, Ben has—lots of it—But I could see how he was a wiltin' and a fadin'."

A gentleman who knows the man well, and who was connected with the trial, said yesterday: "A great deal has been written and said of Hunter's great strength of will and determination. He is a man of small intellect, below the average in fact, but of great determination of purpose. He is without conscience, utterly unscrupulous, and avaricious. I I have sometimes thought that the $8,000 which he lost through Armstrong set him crazy for a time. I do not mean the insanity which under the law palliates crime."—Philadelphia Times.

A Man-Baby.

In New York, in humble apartments, there lives one of the most curious of human monstrosities. It is a boy, or man 21 years and 6 months old, having been born in 1857, that is in all respects, physically and mentally, nothing more than an overgrown infant. Its parents are Mr. and Mrs. Jacques Jenn, of No. 165 Chatham street industrious French people.

The child was born on the 10th of June, 1857, and was christened Jule. Up to his eighth month he did not differ from other children; but at that age he was taken sick with measles, and for six months it was thought that he could not live, one childish disease following rapidly upon another. His last ailment, and the one to which his parents ascribe his deformity, was one that baffled the attending physician, and is described by the father as "the English disease." Both physical and mental growth seemed to be arrested by this disease. The boy is not quite three feet high, but measures four feet around the waist, being inordinately corpulent. His head is well shaped but looks much too large for his body, being more than two feet in circumference. His hands and feet are exceedingly small, like those of a one-year old infant, and he weighs 160 pounds.

Every effort has been made to educate him, but he is not capable of learning anything. When he was ten years old he was scarcely two feet high, but weighed almost 100 pounds. The physician who attended at his birth predicted that he would not live to be 14 years old, but he is now in good health. The boy's skin is remarkably soft and white, like a baby's. All of his habits are childish, and he can speak only a few words such as "papa," "mamma," "yes" and "no." His extreme corpulencey prevents him from walking, but he is very active with his hands and feet.

He amuses himself with childish toys and is very shy when strangers are about.

The boy has been examined by a number of scientists who have all come to the conclusion that he is a perfect baby in mind and body.

His father has been approached by many showmen, who were anxious to add the boy to their list of attractions; but Mr. Jenn has declined every offer, not desiring to have his son exhibited to the public.

Rules for Acquiring Wealth.

Be honest. If Satan tempts you to defraud your neighbor, it is only that he may rob you of your ill-gotten gain in the end.

Be temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined.

Be industrious. Improve each day as if you expected to die on the morrow. Indolence, debt, and disease, are brothers.

Let your word be your bond. Good credit is a fortune to begin with.

Limit your expenses by necessity and comfort, leaving a good margin for "balance saved."

Invest your funds carefully and intelligently. Beware of the brilliant bubbles that are blown up to tempt ingenuous speculators.

Give your personal attention to your business. To do this, keep brain and body healthful by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Purgative Pellets—admitted by all who have used them to be the most efficacious remedies yet discovered for chronic diseases of the stomache and liver.

Death of a Missionary.

Mail advices from China announce the death at Chefoo, October 5, of Miss Fay, an American lady, well known as a devoted missionary teacher of the Episcopal Church for twenty-eight years. Her labors among the Chinese women were eminently useful and her knowledge of the Chinese language was very thorough. Even before going to China in 1850 she had read and studied much upon her future field of labor, and on her arrival there she enjoyed the inestimable advantage of the teachings of the late Bishop Boone. From him she acquired an insight into the Chinese classics, especially the Bishop's favorite author Mencius, which proved of incalculable service for the success of her career as a teacher. The late Charles W. Goodwin, the greatest scholar who ever visited China, often spoke of the thoroughness of her knowledge and of her philosophic grasp of every subject which she undertook, and the numerous accomplished Chinese ladies who owed to her their training form a living monument of her zeal and success as a teacher. She was the principal originator of Duane Hall College, which, in compliment to her, was formally opened in 1876, on the twenty-sixth anniversary of her departure for China. Originally employed by the American branch of the Episcopal Church, her later years were spent in the service of the English Church Missionary Society. Her health had been feeble for the past two years, and she considered her life work virtually ended with the establishment of Daune Hall. It was a subject of regret to those who knew her rare attainments in Chinese that she did not devote a portion of her time to the translation of some of the important works of Chinese literature, but this her views of duty forbade.—New York Herald.

BARBARISM IN A SCHOOL.—We condemn as barbarous the Chinese prejudice which compels girls to submit to the torture of tight shoes. Will it be credited that we have in Rhode Island a custom hardly less barbarous, which compels little children in our public schools to walk upon their toes? This painful and ungraceful mode of locomotion is required by some of the teachers in this city. We are glad to see that some sensible citizens in Bristol have entered a protest against a practice which renders good walking impossible.—Providence Journal.

Oliver Wendall Holmes, Jr., eldest son of Dr. Holmes, the poet, is spoken of as a successor to Judge Lowell on the bench of the district court of Massachusetts, should the latter be raised to the bench of the United States circuit court.

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